

The Shepherd and the King, and of Gillian the Shepherds Wife, with her churlish Answer.
Being full of Mirth and Pastime.
To the Tune of *Flying Fame*.



In Elder time there as of yore,
When guides of churlish gla,
Allers us'd among our Country Carls,
though no such thing now be;
The which King Alfred liking well,
forsook his Stately Court,
And in disguise unknown went forth,
to see that soial sport,
How Dick and Tom in clouted Moon,
and Coats of Bullet gray,
Came themselves moze brave than them
that went in Golden Ray;
In garments fit for such a life,
the good King Alfred went,
All ragged and rogn as from his back
the bigger his Cloaths had went.
A Sword and Buckler good and strong,
to give Back Sauce a wrap,
And on his head instead of a Crown,
he wore a Bonmouth Cap.
Thus coasting thowm Somersetshire,
near Newton Court he met,
A Shepherd Swain of lucky limb,
that up and down did jet:
He wore a Bonnet of good gray,
close button'd to his chin,
And at his back a leather Scryp,
with much good Wheat therein.
God spak good to shepherd, quoth the King
I come to be thy Guest,
To taste of thy good Victuals here,
and drink that's of the best:
Thy Scryp I know hath cher good store.
What then the Shepherd said?
Thou comest to be some sturdy thief,
and mak'st me loze afraid.
Yet if thou wilt thy Dinner win
the Sword and Buckler take,
And if thou canst into my Scryp
therewith an entrance make,
I sell the Koller to thy Roze
at Beef and Bacon fat,
With piches of barley bread to make
thy Chaps to water at:
Here stands my bottle, here my bag,
if thou canst win them Koller,

Against the Sword and Buckler here
my Shachhook is my master.
Benedicite now, quoth our good King,
it never shall be last.
That Alfred of the Shepherds hook
will stand awht afraid:
So loudly thus they both fell to't,
and gibing bang for bang.
At every blow the Shepherd gave
King Alfreds Sword cry'd twang.
His Buckler prov'd his chiefest fence
for all the Shepherds hook.
Was that the which King Alfred could
in no good manner hook:
At last when they had fought four hours,
and it grew full mid-day,
And wearied, both with right good will
desired each others stay.
King, rouse I cry, quoth Alfred then,
good Shepherd hold thy hand,
A Ruchler fellow than thy self
lives not within the land.
For a lustier Koller than thou art,
the churlish Shepherd said,
To tell thee plain thy chieftest lacks,
now makes my heart afraid;
Else sure thou art some Prodigal
which hast consum'd thy Roze,
And now comest wandring in this place
to Rob and steal for moze:
Went not of me then quoth our King
good Shepherd in this sort,
A Gentleman well known I am
in god King Alfreds Court.
The Devil thou art, the Shepherd said,
thou goest in Rags all toom,
Thou rather comest I think to be
some beggar basely born;
But if thou wilt mend thy estate,
and here a Shepherd be,
At night to Gillian my sweet wife
thou shalt go home with me:
For she's as good a toothless dame
as mumbleth on hyton bread,
Where thou shalt lie in burden sheets,
upon a fresh straw bed.

At whig and why we have good store
and keep good Peace-straw fires,
And now and then good Barly Cakes
as better Days requires.
But for my master which is chief,
and Lord of Newton Court,
he keeps I say, his Shepherd Swain
in far moze habet loze;
We there have curds & clouted cream
of red Cows morning milk,
And now and then fine butter & cakes
as soft as any Silk.
Of Beef and reiled Bacon store
that is most fat and grade.
We have likewise to feed our chaps,
and make them glib and easie.
Thus if thou wilt my man become,
this usage thou shalt have,
If not adieu go hang thy self,
and so farewell Sir Knave.
King Alfred hearing of this glee,
the churlish Shepherd said,
Alas well content to be his man,
so they a bargain made.
A Penny round the Shepherd gave,
in earnest of this match,
To keep his Sheep in field and fold
as Shepherds use to watch.
His wages shall be full ten goats
for service of a year,
Yet was it not his use old Lad
to hire a man so dear.
For did the King himself, quoth he,
unto my Cottage come,
he should not for a 12 months pay
receive a greater sum.
Hearat the donny King grew blith
to hear the Clownish jest,
How silly words, as Custom is,
do discent at the best.
but not to spoil the foolish sport
he was content good King,
To see the Shepherds humour right
in every kind of thing,
A Shachhook then, with Patch his dog,
and a Car-box by his side,

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And now comest wandring in this place
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Went not of me then quoth our King
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A Gentleman well known I am
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The Devil thou art, the Shepherd said,
thou goest in Rags all torn,
Thou rather comest I think to be
some beggar lately born;
But if thou wilt mend thy estate,
and here a Shepherd be,
At night to Gillian my sweet wife
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Herewith his Master sig by sowl,
 unto old Gillian by d,
 into whose sight no sounder came,
 whom have you here, quoth she,
 A fellow I doubt will cut our throats,
 so like a Knave looks he.
 Not so, old dame, quoth Alfred straight,
 of me you need not fear,
 My Master hired me for ten groats
 to serve you one whole Year:
 So good dame Gillian grant me leave
 within your house to stay,
 For by St. Anne do what you can,
 I will not yet away.
 Her churchly usage pleas'd him still,
 put him to such proof,
 That he at night was almost choakt,
 with'in that smoaky Roof:
 But as he sat with smiling cheer,
 the event of all to see,
 His Dame brought forth a piece of dow
 which in the fire shovels she;
 Where lying on the hearth to bake,
 by chance the Cake did burn,
 What canst thou not, thou lout, (quoth she)
 take pains the same to turn:
 Thou art more quick to take it oar,
 and eat it up half dow,
 Than thus to stay till't be enough,
 and so thy manners show.
 But serve me such another trick,
 I'll thrack thee on the snout,
 Which made the patient King, good men
 of her to stand in doubt.
 But to be brief to bed they went,
 the good old man and his wife,
 But never such a Lodging had
 King Alfred in his life:
 For he was laid in white Sheeps wool,
 new pull'd from tanned skins,
 And o'er his head hang'd spiders webs
 as if they had been bells,
 As this the Country guise, thought he,
 then here I will not stay,
 But hence be gone, as soon as breaks
 the peeping of next day.
 The cackling hens & Cote kept rook,
 and perched at his Ave,
 where at the last the watchful Cock,
 made known the morning tide;
 Then up got Alfred with his horn,
 and blew so long a blast,
 That made Gillian and her Groom
 in bed full sore agast.
 Arise, quoth she, we are undone,
 this night we lodged have;
 At unawares within our house,
 a false dissembling Knave:
 Rise Husband, rise, he'll cut our throats
 he calleth for his Mates,
 I'd give, old wif, our good Cade Lamb,
 he would depart our gates.

but Gill King Alfred blew his horn
 before t' em more and more,
 Till that a hundred Lords and Knights,
 all lighted at t' e door;
 wherry d, all hail, all hail, good King,
 long have we sought your Grace,
 And here you find (my merry men all)
 your Sovereign in this place.
 We surely must be hang'd up both,
 old Gillian I much fear,
 The Shepherd said for using thus
 our good King Alfred here:
 O pardon, my Liege, quoth Gillian then,
 for my Husband and for me,
 by these ten bones I never thought
 the same that now I see;
 And by my hook, the Shepherd said,
 an Oath both good and true,
 before this time, O noble King,
 I never your highness knew.
 Then pardon me, and my old wife,
 that we may after say,
 when first you came into our house,
 it was a happy day.
 It shall be done, said Alfred straight,
 and Gillian my Old Dame,
 for this thy churchly using me,
 deserbeth not much blame;
 For this thy Country guise I see
 to be thus blunty still,
 And where the plainest meaning is,
 remains the smallest ill.
 And Master loe I tell thee now,
 for thy low manhood shewn,
 A thousand wethers I'll bestow
 upon thee for thy own.
 And pasture ground as much as will
 suffice to feed them all,
 And this thy Cottage I will change
 into a stately Hall.
 As for the same as duty binds,
 the Shepherd said, good King,
 A milk-white Lamb once every year
 I'll to your highness bring:
 And Gillian my wife likewise,
 of wool to make you Coats,
 will give you as much at New-years
 as shall be worth ten groats, (tis),
 And in your praise my bagpipes shall
 sound sweetly once a year,
 How Alfred our renowned King
 most kindly hath been here.
 Thanks Shepherd, thanks, quoth he again,
 the next time I come hither,
 My Lords with me here in this house
 will all be merry together.

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